The most Illustrious

HISTORY

Of the Seven

CHAMPIONS

OF

Christendome.

Saint *George* of *ENGLAND*,
Saint *Dennis* of *FRANCE*,
Saint *James* of *SPAIN*,
Saint *Anthony* of *ITALY*,
Saint *Andrew* of *SCOTLAND*,
Saint *Patrick* of *IRELAND*,
Saint *David* of *WALES*,

Shewing their Honourable Battels by Sea and by Land, Their Tilts and Turnaments for Ladies; Their Combats with Gyants, Monsters and Dragons; Their Adventures into forreign Nations; Their Enchantments in the Holy Land; Their Knighthoods, Prowesse, and Chivalry, in *Europe*, *Africa*, and *Asia*: With their Victories against the Enemies of Christendome.

Whereunto is added,

The true manner of their Deaths being seven famous Tragedies, and how they came to be called the seven Champions of Christendome.

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In Praiſe of the *WORK*.

YT Hoſe famous Knights of Chriſtendom,
Their valours were diſplaied,
And following of the Marſhall Drum,
Lent wronged Wights their aid.

Huge Monſters they deſtroy'd each day,
And Gyants great and tall,
With Dragons they made many a fray,
And made the ſtrongeſt fall.

For the honour of Chriſtendom did fight,
And venter life and limb,
And wronged Ladies they did right,
Saint *George* none like to him.

When they had run their warlike race,
And kept their courſes even,
Saint *George* they ſaid in every place,
Was beſt of all the Seven.

The Order of the Garter then,
Great Princes up did take,
Earls and Lords, and Noblemen,
Do wear it for his ſake.

Kind Country-men your fancies feed,
Behold now in his glory,
And now be pleaſed for to read,
His never dying ſtory.

The moſt Illuſtrious Hiſtory of the Seven Champions of Chriſtendome.

CHAP. I.

NOT long after the deſtruction of Troy, ſprang up the ſeven wonders of the World, the ſeven Champions of Chriſtendome, St. George of England, St. Dennis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, and St David of Wales. Now begin we with St. George of England, who without any flattery was ever counted the worthieſt. This Noble Champion St. George came from the loyns of Prince Æneas, who wandring from Troy after the ruine thereof, ended his dayes in the Confines of Italy, and left his Son Aſcanius to rule in his place, Aſcanius dying left Silvius to rule; Silvius deceaſing, left the worthy and valorus Brutus: Now Brute, being the fourth deſcent from Æneas first made Conqueſt of this Land of Britain, then inhabited with Monſters, Gyants, and wild people, without Government, but by policy he overcame them, and did name it Troy-novant, which is now called London. Then was this Land divided into Shires, and Countries, Dukedomes, Earldomes, and Lordſhips, and repleniſhed with valiant and undaunted ſpirits: Coventry being the place where the firſt Chriſtian Champion was born, and the firſt that ever fought for forreign adventures; who became the wonder of Chriſtendome, and for his unparaleled deeds gave him this title,

The valiant Saint George of England.

His Mother being with child with him, dreamed ſhe conceived a Dragon, which ſhould be the cauſe of her death: This thing

thing so troubled her that she revealed it unto her Husband, who was then Lord Steward of England, who no sooner heard thereof, but taking one only Knight with him, walks to the solitary Walks of Kalyb: The wise Lady of the Woods taking a Lamb with them to offer sacrifice to the Inchantress; so entring in the Wood, they came to an Iron gate, whereon hung a brazen Horn for them to wind that would speak with the Inchantresse: First offer the Lamb with great devotion before the Iron gate, and then without any fear they blew the brazen Horn, the sound thereof seemed to make the Earth to shake: after this they heard a terrible voice out of the Earth, uttering these words following,

Sir Knight be gone and mark me well,
Within thy Ladies Womb doth dwell
A Son, who like a Dragon fierce,
His Mothers Body shall so pierce,
That she shall dye with that annoy,
But he shall prove to some a joy:
For he shall be a Champion bold,
And shall be worn in Rings of Gold,
Times to come his Name shall honour,
And wear his Picture in their Banner:
Shall be a Champion from his youth,
And thou shalt find these things are truth.

No sooner were these words uttered: but in great amazement they departed; but ere he came home, his Lady was delivered of a Son, with the losse of her life, and his young son stoln away from his Nurse by Kalyb the Inchantresse of the Wood, who kept him with her in her Inchanted Cave the space of Fourteen years; mean time his Father dyed for grief in a strange Land for the losse of him and his Mother; yet noble Saint George was not kept as a slave or prisoner, but had leave given him to walk about the Woods when he pleased, only attended with Men terrible and fierce Satyrs: so that he could no way escape, nor did he want for any thing his heart could desire; for in him she took so great delight, that she began to dote so much on his beauty, that she in plain terms lusted after him, which he utterly refused, not only for the greenness of his years, but in respect of her Witchcraft and

sorcery

sorcery. Nevertheless hoping to obtain his liberty, if in case she made him Master of all that Inchanted place, he seemed willing, and wound himself in by degrees to have her yield all her power over unto him, which she willingly did, intreating her to tell him his birth, his name and parentage, Thou art quoth she, by birth Son to the Lord Albert High Steward of England, and from thy birth to this day have I kept thee as my Child, and my Virginity for thee; so taking him by the hand, she led him into a brazen Castle, wherein remained six of the bravest Knights of the World: these are, said she, six worthy Champions of Christendome; the first is St. Dennis of France, the second St. James of Spain, the third St. Anthony of Italy, the fourth St. Andrew of Scotland, the fifth St. Patrick of Ireland, the sixth St. David of Wales, and thou art born to be the seventh thy name being St. George of England, for so shalt thou be called in time to come; then taking him by the hand, she led him into a fair large Room, where stood 7. of the goodliest steeds that ever eye beheld, six of these saith she belong to these six Knights, and the seventh will I bestow upon thee, whose name is Bucephalus, the name of Alexanders great horse. Moreover she led him into another Room, wherein was the richest Armor in the world, so choosing out the strongest Corslet from the Armory, she with her own hands buckled it about his neck, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich caparison, then fetched forth a huge faulchon, & put on his hand; now go, she, thou art invincible never to be conquered, for now hast thou the strongest Armor in the world, & a sword shall cut the hardest flint asunder. Thus being blinded with her own lust, she put a silver wand in his hand, which wrought her own destruction; for then had he power of all the inchanted wood, so as they were walking along by a mighty Rock, which the knight perceiving, struck with the silver wand, so that the Rock opened, and there did he see before his eyes a number of little Infants which she had murdred by her Inchantments; St. George quoth she, I will shew thee more than this if thou wilt follow me, so stepping in, he with his inchanted wand struck the Rock again, and the Rock closed her in, and there was the end

of

of that famous Inchantreſs, where we will leave her to the fury of the Devils and ſpeak more of St. George, who releaſed the ſix Champions out of Captivity, they giving him many thanks, went with him to ſeek their fortunes, whoſe matchleſs deeds ſhall be ſhewed in the Chapter following.

CHAP. II.

How St. *George* killed the burning Dragon in *Ægypt*, and redeemed *Sabra* the Kings daughter from death: How he was betrayed by *Almindor* the black King of *Morocco*, and ſent to the *Soldan* of *Perſia*, where he ſlew two Lyons, and remained ſeven years in Priſon.

SOon after the ſeven Champions departed from the inchanted Cave of Kalyb, they ſtayed a while in the City of Coventry: in which time they erected a ſtately monument in honour of St. George's Mother, and ſo in the beginning of the Spring took their leaves of one another, and went every one a ſeveral way to ſeek their fortunes: where we ſhall leave the 6 Champions to their contented travels, and wholy diſcourſe of our Country-man the chief of them St. George of England, who travelled till he came into the territories of Egypt, where he met a poor Hermit; St. George demanded of him, where he might have a lodging for himſelf, and ſtable room for his horſe: Sir, Knight, quoth the old Hermit, you ſeem by your habiliments to be an Engliſh man; for I perceive the Armes of England engraven upon your Armour; Sir, I pity you, you are as far from having reliefe here, as you are in diſtance from your own Country, by reaſon of a fiery Dragon, which every day devours a Virgin, and in caſe he miſs of one but one day, then doth he ſend forth ſuch an infectious plague among us, that the people die ſo faſt, that the living can ſcarce bury the dead; and hath deſtroyed all the Virgins in the Land but the Kings Daughter, and ſhe is to be ſent to morrow morning to be devoured by this fiery Dragon; Now the King hath made Proclamation through all his Realm, that if any Knight were ſo hardy as to encounter with this Dragon, and kill him, he ſhall have his Daughter in Marriage, and the Crown after his deceaſe.

ceaſe. No ſooner had the good old Hermit related this to him, but with an exceeding great joy he ſeemed to embrace the proffer, like of the encounter, & vowed to free the Princeſs, or loſe his own life; withal intreating the old man to give him ſo much leave as to lodge that night in his Cave, and next morning he would be ready for the encounter; the old man overcome with joy had him to his Cave and entertained him with ſuch homely fare as he had in his Cave; next morning S. George mounted on his ſteed, took his leave of the good old Hermit; who remained in his Cave, to pray for the good ſucceſs of S. George. Now is S. George poſting away to encounter with the fiery Dragon, where upon the way he overtakes the woful Virgin, the Kings daughter, accompanied with a number of ſorrowful Matrons, bewailing her unfortunate Fate; St. George comforts them up with theſe words:

Fair Princeſſe, and ye Matrons all,
  Refrain and mourn no more;
For by the fiery Dragons Fall,
  Your freedom I'le reſtore;
The Dragon is your enemy,
  I'le quickly end the ſtrife;
I'le clip his wings, he ſhall not flye,
  Or *George* ſhall end his life.

The Princeſs beholding St. George courage, admired, that he, being a ſtranger, ſhould adventure himſelf for her ſake, when the ſtouteſt Champions in all Egypt durſt not,

Sir Knight I give you thanks, quoth ſhe,
  That undertakes this fight;
And ſince it is for love of me,
  The King ſhall you requite:
And if you perish in this thing,
  The which you take in hand,
Next comes the Daughter of a King,
  As well you underſtand:
Go forth and proſper worthy Knight,
  And leave me here perplext;
If you miſcarry in the fight,
  Then I muſt be the next.

St. George kiſſed the Princeſſe hand, and vowed to free her or loſe his life, intreating the Company to conduct her

her to her Fathers Palace till they heard further.

Now is St. George entered the valley, and coming near the Cave, the Dragon espied him, and sent forth such a terrible bellowing, as if all the Devils in hell had been present. St. George was never a whit daunted, spurred his horse and ran couragiously at him; but his scales being harder than any brasse, he shivered his spear in a thousand pieces, and withall smote St. George so hard with his wings and tayl, that he struck him down from his horse, and bruised him sore. St. George then was forced to draw his sword, where began a most terrible fight between him and the Dragon, and the good knight was almost poysoned with the breath of the Dragon, so that he was forced to retire, and spying a fruit which no venomous thing durst come near, eat of the said fruit and recovered again, and then with manly courage assaulted the Dragon in such sort, that he felled him under his horse feet; The Dragon recovering himself, lifted up his wings as if he intended to flye away, which St. George noting, and espying a bare place under the Dragons wing, runs his sword up to the Hilt, which so pierced his heart, that with a terrible noise he breathed out his last breath; and yielded his life to the Conquerour; St. George smote off his head, and set it on a piece of the spear he broke against the Dragon, then gave God thanks, and marched towards King Prolomies Court, but adverse fortune crossed his purpose; For instead of ringing of Bells, and entertaining of him as a royal Champion, for freeing their Country from that destroying Monster, he beheld certain armed men marching towards him with their swords drawn; for Almindor King of Morocco had hired twelve men in armes to surprise Saint George, he having a great mind to Sabra the Kings Daughter, and fearing St. George would obtain her before him, therefore intended to make him away before he came to the Court with his Dragons head, but never was it known that ever treachery did ever prosper; As for St. George he behaved himself so gallantly that he vanquished all his enemies in little space, which when the King of Morocco perceived for he was not far off, he ran to the King of Egypt, and told him the enemy of his

Country

Country was destroyed, but never told him of his own treachery against the Champion; but when the King heard of the destroying of the Dragon, he rejoyced greatly, and commanded them to ring the Bells, and make Bonfires, and entertain the Champion with great joy and gladnesse; which was done accordingly. Now when St. George came to the Court, the King did welcome him with great banqueting, Tilt and Turnament, especially the Princesse, who then did place her love upon him so fervently, that all the World could not remove it. Now it was the order of the Court to present rich gifts to those of rank and quality: now the Princesse presented him with her own hand a Diamond of great worth, which he wore on his finger set in a Ring of Gold. Now the King of Morocco, that envious Devil, envying the happinesse of St. George, sought a second time to make him away by poyson, which he conveyed into a Cup of Greek Wine, and presented it to Saint George in token of love, when he meant nothing lesse than his destruction; but no sooner had he the Cup in his hand, but the Diamond waxed pale, and three drops of Blood fell from his Nose, whereupon St. George refused to drink, the Princess, who loved him as she loved her self, cryed out Treason, Treason; but the King of Egypt her Father would believe nothing against the King of Morocco: so greatly did he love and dote upon him, which made the other the bolder to attempt any thing against St. George, insomuch that he went to the King, and informed him that St. George was a Christian, and one that was an enemy to their Religion, which when the King heard, he swore by all his Gods that he should dye the death, forgetting the saving of his Daughters life, and the freeing of his Country from utter destruction. Moreover, the black King of Morocco told him that he went about to perswade his daughter to turn Christian, which made the King to be the more inraged; whereupon he wrote a Letter to the Soldan of Persia, and sealed it with the Arms of the Nation, that he should make St. George away, for he was an enemy to their Religion, and to their Gods, and when he had done he sent St. George with his own destruction, and gave him a great charge to deliver it

to the Soldan of Perſia, for it was a matter of great concernment. St. George thinking it an honour to go on ſuch a meſſage, went good Knight like a Lamb to the Slaughter. No ſooner was he arrived in Perſia, but he eſpied ſome of their Temples open, into whom he went, and caſt down all their Images, and trod them under foot; Inſomuch that the people of the Country aroſe in great numbers to take St. George, and carry him to the Soldan of Perſia, as an enemy to their Religion: But St. George did lay about him ſo for the honour of God and Chriſtendome, that in one day he ſlew above five hundred Perſians; ſo that they were faign to fire their Beacons, and raiſe all the Country before they could take him: ſo when they had taken him, they brought him before the Soldan, and informed him what he had done, who ſwore by all his Gods that he ſhould dye the cruelleſt death that ever could be invented; St. George nothing at all daunted, told him he could do no more

hart

than God gave him leave, and told him moreover he had a letter to deliver to him from Ptolomy King of Egypt; which when he had read, he was more enraged than he was before, and commanded his Guard to take him and caſt him into a deep Dungeon, where he ſhould behold no light till the day of Execution. After he had been there three days, ſome of the inraged Perſians let down two great Lyons, which had not eat any thing for the ſpace of fourteen days: when St. George heard the roaring of the Lyons, he began to think with himſelf what he might do to ſave his life, when on a ſudden he broke the Cords that bound his Arms, and ſtepping aſide, he trod upon an old ruſty ſword, which he took up, and behaved himſelf ſo valiantly, that he killed both the Lyons; which when the Soldan heard he was much terrified, and ſaid he would keep him there ſtill, leſt he ſhould deſtroy the whole Nation: ſo St. George lived there full ſeven years on Rats and Mice, and ſuch like Vermine as the Priſon did afford: In the mean time Ptolomy King of Egypt forced fair Sabra againſt her mind to marry the King of Morocco, whom ſhe hated as ſhe hated the Devil, being the profeſſed enemy of her beloved St. George of England. But ſhe had vowed the King of Morocco ſhould never ſpoil her of her Virginity; and to that purpoſe ſhe went to a Negromancer, asked his counſel therein, who gave her this advice, to take a Chain of Gold, and let it lye ſeven days in Dragons milk, and ſeven days in Tygers blood, and ſo put it about her neck, and ſo long as ſhe wears that Chain no man ſhall have power to take her Virginity from her which ſhe did, and ſo preſerved her Virginity for her Engliſh Champion, who under God preſerved her from the fiery Dragon of Egypt.

Now leave we fair Sabra with her black King of Morocco, and her beloved Engliſh George in the dark Dungeon, and now ſpeak ſomething of the other Champions, who were divided into ſeveral parts of the World, and firſt of the Champion St. Dennis of France.

CHAP. III.

How St. *Dennis* of *France* lived ſeven years in the ſhape of an Hart, and how proud *Eglantine* the Kings Daughter of *Theſſaly*, was transformed into a Mulbery Tree, and how they both recovered their ſhapes by the means of St. *Dennis* his Horſe.

FAir Eglantine, Daughter to the King of Theſſaly, for her pride was transformed into a Mulbery Tree in the Wilderneſſe of Arabia; and it was St. Dennis his fortune to travel through that unhappy place where this unfortunate Lady was transformed into a Mulbery Tree, and being almoſt ſtarved, was forced to eat Roots, or any wild fruit he could find; and wandring about this Deſart, at length he came to this Mulbery Tree: where beholding ſome fruit on it, began to eat, he no ſooner had taſted of theſe Berries, but was tranſlated into a Hart, where beholding himſelf in a ſpring, began to bewail his misfortune in this manner,

I was a man that Fame did gain,
But now a Hart in ſhow;
When I ſhall be a man again,
Alas, I do not know.

The Voice in the Mulbery Tree.

Be patient now brave Knight, ſaid ſhe,
Thy Caſe is juſt like mine:
But thou and I ſhall one day ſee,
Our honours both ſhall ſhine.

Seven years thou ſhalt continue ſo,
Hunger increaſe thy Woes;
At length thou ſhalt end all thy woe,
By eating of a Roſe.

So at the end of ſeven years his Horſe, who he thought was loſt, came and brought two Roſes in his teeth; then remembring the voice in the Mulbery tree, he eating the Roſes, returned again to his priſtine ſhape, and fetching his ſword, which

which he had left in a hollow tree, he at one blow cut down the Mulbery tree: at the bottome thereof appeared a most beautiful Damosel, whom he knew to be the King of Thessalia's Daughter, and she knew him to be the Champion of France; where conducting her to her Fathers Court, he was entertained with great joy and gladnesse, both of them recording their unhappy fortune in the wildernesse of Arabia.

CHAP. IV.

How Sr. *James* the Champion of *Spain*, continued seven years dumb for the love of a fair Jew, and how he should have been shot to death by the Maidens of *Jerusalem*, with other things that happened in his Travels.

NOw St. Iames minded was to travel to Ierusalem, and passing over the confines of Sicill, near the burning Lake, had a most terrible battel with a fiery Drake for seven dayes and seven nights; then passed through Capadocia, then through a wildernesse of Monsters, at length had the sight of faire Ierusalem, who appeared in his sight the fairest City in the world, inhabited by Jews: Just at the time of his arrival, the King of the Country, with all his Knights at armes, prepared themselves for Hunting; for the Country at that time was much annoyed with wild beasts, as Lyons, Bears, Tygers, and such like; The Trumpets sounding before them in such manner, which made the Spanish Champion amazed, wondring what the meaning should be, enquired of a Shepheard, who told him that the King and all his Knights were intended that day to hunt, the Country being much annoyed with wild beasts, and the King had made Proclamation, that whosoever killed the first wild Boar should have a great reward; giving rid St. Iames, and was in the forrest before them all, and by that time the King came, he had killed the greatest Boar that ever mortal man beheld, who lived in a Cave upon the flesh of people which he had slain, the King said he deserved the reward, but withal demanded what Country man he was, and of what Religion, St. Iames said he was a Spaniard by birth, and a Christian by Profession: when the King heard that, he was

wroth, and ſaid thus unto him; preſumptuous Chriſtian, didſt thou never hear of the Laws and Cuſtoms of our Nation, that what Chriſtian ſoever dares approach into our Confines ſhall ſtraightway be put to death; yet in regard thou haſt done good ſervice for our Country, in deſtroying this wild Boar, thou ſhalt have the favour to chuſe thine own death: St. James admiring that he ſhould be ſo ill rewarded for his good ſervice, yet ſeeing it was their Law, and the Kings pleaſure it ſhould be ſo, he choſe to be ſhot to death with arrows by the hands of a Virgin: Divers Virgins were ſent for, who ſeeing St. James bound faſt to a Tree, with his breaſt naked to receive the ſhaft, beholding alſo his comely ſhape, and conſidering what good he had done for their Country, in killing the wild Boar that had deſtroyed ſo many, utterly refuſed the ſame: Inſomuch that the King commanded that they ſhould caſt lots, and on whom the lot fell ſhe ſhould be his executioner; lots were made and the lot fell upon the Kings own daughter, who being deep in love with St. James, fell down on her knee to the King her Father, and begg'd his life; ſo with much adoe he granted her requeſt, and baniſht him the Land. but within few dayes after he ſtole her away, and carried her into Spain.

CHAP. V.

How St. *Anthony* of *Italy* ſlew a mighty Gyant named *Blanderon*, and releaſed many Ladies out of Captivity: Alſo how St. *Andrew* the Champion of *Scotland* travelled into a vaſt or walking ſpirits, and how he was ſet at liberty by a walking fire, and how St. *Patrick* the Champion of *Ireland* redeemed the ſix *Thracian* Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloody minded Satyrs, and of their purpoſed travel to find out the Champion of *Scotland*: And how St. *David* the Champion of *Wales* ſlew the Count *Palatine* in the *Tartarian* Court, and after how he was ſent to the inchanted Garden of *Orgadine*; wherein by Magick Art he ſlept ſeven years, and how at laſt he was redeemed by S. *George*.

BEcauſe I would willingly return to St. George our countryman, I will tell you but ſlightly the fortunes, and adventures of the reſt of the Chriſtian Champions; and firſt of the Champion St. Anthony of Italy.

After

After his passage through many dangerous places, he came to the top of a mighty Mountain, whereon stood a Castle, within this Castle remained a Gyant, who for strength no man durst encounter. This Gyant kept within his Castle the seven Daughters of the King of Thracis, whereof six of them were transformed into Swans, with Crowns upon their heads, because they would not yield to the lust of the Gyant, the other remained with him, to play and sing him asleep. This great Gyant St. Anthony slew, and left the Castle to them, whereby their Father the King might have access unto them, as you shall hear hereafter.

The famous Champion St. Andrew of Scotland, travelled through a vale of walking Spirits, most fearful to behold, and had not seen the light of the Sun in seven days, nor yet the light of the Moon by night, but was only guided by a walking fire till he came to a Castle, before which Castle lay the Gyant which St. Anthony slew; his flesh rent & torn by wild Foxes, Crows, and such like. The Champion St. Andrew entred the Castle, where he found the King of Thracis, bewailing his Daughters ill fortune, with many of his Nobility with him, calling upon their Gods in behalf of his Daughters: which when St. Andrew saw he smiled, and said unto the King, if you will believe in the Christians God, and call upon him with me, your Daughters shall be restored to their former shapes again. No sooner had he spoke but they all drew their swords, and ran upon him all together, insomuch that they put St. Andrew hardly to it; nevertheless after a very hot dispute, St. Andrew overcame them, and the King himself lay at his mercy, who presently turned Christian, he and all his followers; so calling upon the Lord of Hosts, suddenly the King of Thracians Daughters were restored again to their former shapes, being more beautiful than ever they were before; which mercy when the King saw, he continued Christian to his dying day. But when the King & his Daughters came to Court, all their joy was turned into sorrow; for the Champion of Scotland who slew the Gyant, had stole away the Kings daughter fair Rosalinde; so all the land was up in arms in pursuit of him, which when St. Andrew of Scotland understood, he departed privately, and the Kings Daughters understanding that he was gone, travelled after him, as knowing under God that he was the cause of their delivery out of bondage.

These six daughters of the King of Thracia travelled till they came to Ireland, hoping to find the Champion of Scotland, but instead of finding him, they met with thirty wild and cruel Satyrs, who haled them through Woods & Groves, and tore & rent them in such a grievous sort, that forced them to cry out in a most lamentable manner, so that the Woods and all the Country did ring of their pitiful cries. St. Patrick who all this while was wandring about the Country, hearing of these fearful cries stood a while amazed, and drawing his sword, ran up to the top of a high hill, where he beheld a lamentable spectacle, thirty terrible Satyrs with clubs on their shoulders, dragging these fair Ladies by the hair of the head, who resolving to free them or lose his life, he went forwards towards them in this manner; Ladies, quoth he, be of good comfort, for I intend, if God be so pleased, to free you, whereupon he let flie at them in such sort, that he slew the chiefest of them, which made all the rest to take their heels & run away: St. Patrick demanded of those Virgins what they were, who told him that they were the King of Thracia's Daughters, and how they were for seven years kept in captivity by a mighty Gyant, and transformed into Swans by Diana the Goddess of Chastity, to keep preserve them from the insatiable lust of the Gyant, and how their eldest sister remained a pure Virgin with the Gyant, until St. Anthony of Italy came and slew the Gyant, freed our sister, and carried her to the Court to our Father, who with a great number of Knights came to see us, and bewailed our sad condition, who were all swimming in a pond in the shape of Swans with Crowns of gold upon our heads to shew we were the Daughters of a King: Our Fathers tears prevailed not, nor the prayers of all that were with him, who prayed for us to their Pagan Gods, until the Christian Champion St. Andrew came by, who seeing the dead body of the Gyant, not knowing who slew him ventured into the Castle, where beholding my Father with all his Knights, weeping & wailing, & praying to their Pagan Gods, began to laugh them to scorn, and wished them to call upon the God of the Christians, and he would warrant them that we should be restored to our pristine shape again: he no sooner had said these words, but my Father gave command to all his Knights of arms to fall upon him & kill him, but he behaved himself in such a gallant manner that he worsted them all, and the King our Father lay at his mercy, who

presently

presently turned Christian with all his Knights, who calling upon the Christians God, we were all restored unto our former shapes again. But all their joy was turned into sorrow, by reason the Champion of Italy, who slew the Gyant, and freed my sister, had stole her away in my Fathers absence. When St. Patrick heard this, he said, Worthy Ladies, these two Champions are my friends, whom I have not seen these seven years; as for St. Andrew of Scotland whom you seek, I will accompany you in the search of him:--- Where we will leave them, and speak something of St. David the Champion of Wales.

St. David of Wales travelling to the Emperours Court of Tartary, performed such gallant deeds of service, that the Emperour made him his chief Champion; where upon a festival day, the Emperour desirous of sport, caused tilt & turnament to be used, now St David being the Emperours Champion, entred the list first; so the Emperours son being Count Pallatine ambitious of honour came straightway to answer him, and performed honourable deeds against St. David the Champion of Wales; for the first encounter he had almost thrown him off his horse, but the next turn St. David threw both horse & man to the ground where the Emperours son the Count Pallatine was so bruised with the fall that in short time after he died, which so enraged the Emperour, that he plotted all he could to make him away, nevertheless he being well beloved of all the Court, the Emperour could not without loss of honour do it, only in regard St. David was his Champion, he sent him to the inchanted Garden, to bring him the head of Ormondine the Inchanter; St. David durst refuse nothing the Emperour injoyn'd him to, went with an undaunted courage, and found a sword fastned to a rock, upon the pummel thereof was written, He that can pull me out shall conquer all, St. David assaid to do it, but being not able, fell fast asleep for the space of seven years, till St. George, as you shall hear, at last came by the inchanted garden, pulled out the sword, and freed St. David; for by that means the Inchanter died, and the inchanted garden vanisht.

CHAP. VI.

How Saint *George* escaped out of Prison at *Persia*, and how he redeemed the Champion of *Wales* from his enchantment.

VAliant and noble minded St. George enduring a seven years imprisonment in a dark and deep dungeon and almost famished.

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was now aweary of his life, where wandring about the dungeon, he at last espied a Croe of iron, he with this engine made his way through the dungeon into the middle of the Persians Court; it was now about midnight, the Moon shined bright, and all the Court at rest only some Groomes, which were making ready the Souldans horses to ride a hunting the next morning; St. George understanding of this, takes the Croe of iron and kills all the Groomes, and takes the best horse in the stable and armed himself with the Souldans own armour, with his sword, withal taking a Coal he writes over the Souldans Chamber, after he had killed his guard, these words following:

Souldan farewell, for *George* is fled,
Whilst thou liest sleeping in thy bed.

Away rides St. George, & coming to the City Gates, calls to the Porter in this manner, Porter open the gate, for St. George is escaped out of prison, & killed all the Soldans Groomes, & all the City is in pursuit of him; the Porter believed him, opened the gate, & away rid S. George. Next morning all the country, by the Souldans command, was in pursuit of St. George, but he had got out of the Confines of Persia, and in the sight of Grecia, which when they perceived, they left the pursuit, and returned back with great shame and horrour. Now is St. George in the Confines of Grecia, and almost in as bad a case for the want of victuals, as he was in the Dungeon; at last he come to a great Castle, where stood a most gallant Lady; St. George demanded some relief of her in the way of his travels, but she answered him with a frowning look, that her husband was a mighty Gyant, & willed him to be gone, lest if he come out he crush him to pieces. St. George told her, he never was yet daunted by Gyant or Monster, and he had rather dye in fight, than dye with hunger; no sooner had he said these words, but the Gyant came forth of the Castle with a staring countenance, more like a devil than a man: but it was so, that between St. George and the Gyant was a most fierce and cruel combate, but the weather being extreme hot, & the Gyant fat, the sweat ran down his face so fast, that it blinded him whereby he could not see to ward the blows St. George gave him, so that he was constrained to let fall his club, and St. George with his sword clove his head in sunder; so entring the Castle refreshed himself and his horse, & so departed through the confines of Grecia into Phrygia, & at last came to the inchanted gar-

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den of Ormondine, where the Champion of Wales continued sleeping for the space of 7 years. But when St. George beheld the inchanted sword, he assai'd to pull it out of the Rock, and pulled it out with ease, so that the inchanted Garden vanished, & the inchanter Ormondine delivered to St. George. St. David the Champion of Wales; and when this was done, the Furies fetch'd the Inchanter Ormondine away with such a terrible noise, that scared St. George and St. David, glad they were gone from among those terrible devils.

After St. David had given St. George many thanks, they departed one from the other; St. David to the Tartarian Court, where by oath he was bound to bring news from the inchanted Garden, and St. George to Barbary.

CHAP. VII.

How St. *George* arrived at *Tripoly* in *Barbary*, & how he stole away *Sabra* the King of *Egypts* daughter, from the King of *Morocco*, and how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the means of a Lyon.

ST. George no sooner entered into the Confines of Barbary, but he met with an old Hermit, with whom he had some conference, and after he understood by the Hermit where the Court stood, as also how the King of Morocco was gone a hunting with all his Lords; he thought it now or never to be the time to release his fair Sabra out of the hands of his professed enemy the King of Morocco, & to that purpose disarmed himself, leaving his Arms and Horse with a box of rich jewels with the old Hermit, and slipping on the old Hermits Gown, took his journey to the Court, where he beheld a number of Palmers standing at the Court gate; he demanded of them what they stood there for, to whom they replied, they stood for an alms, which was given every day by the hand of the good Queen, in memory of the English Champion St. George. Which when St. George heard, the tears stood in his eies, & turned himself about, he at length beheld the joy of his heart comming forth to deliver her alms to the Palmers, asking them if they had not known or heard of St. George of England. At length comming to St. George himself, he delivered the Ring that he gave him privately, by which means she knew him, and taking him by the hand, led him into the hall, where they both wept for joy, she never expecting to see him again. Now my George said she, if ever thou wilt free

ſtrike me it muſt be now, the time ſo convenient, the black King of Morocco, my forced husband, being rid out a hunting, whom I hate like the devil, and none left at home but one blakamore, which ſhall go alone with us to attend, ſo ſaying ſhe pulled off his gown, & put on his own armour, and girt his ſword by his ſide, and mounted him upon his own ſteed, and the Moor helping her up behind St. George, they poſted away as faſt as they could, paſſing through woods, deſerts and many dangerous places among the wild beaſts, at length through hunger, St. George was forced to alight from his horſe, and helped the Lady down, leaving her in cuſtody with the Moor, while he went to try his fortune with his ſword in his hand, to get ſome food to keep them alive, for they were like to periſh for want of victuals; ſo it was his fortune to kill a Deer, and brought a haunce of Veniſon upon the point of his ſword. But when he came he found the Moor torn in pieces with two Lyons, and the Lyons faſt aſleep, lying with their heads in fair Sabra's lap, whereby he knew ſhe was a pure virgin, and ſtanding in a maze, not knowing what to do, at laſt reſolved to ſet upon them, they being aſleep, leſt if they ſhould wake, he might endanger his life, ſo ſtepping to them, he ran them through and ſlew them. Then after they had given God thanks, St. George having a firelock in his pocket, kindled a fire with brambles, and dreſſed their Veniſon & eat it. So when they had well dined, St. George ſaid to Sabra, now my Sabra I know thou art a pure virgin, otherwiſe the Lyons would have deſtroyed thee, as they did the Moor, but by what means thou haſt kept thy Virginity I know not: then knew worthy George ſaid ſhe, after I was forced by my father to marry with the King of Morocco, whom I loathed; I vowed to keep my Virginity from him, and preſerve it for thee, or live and die a maid, and to that end I asked counſel of a learned Doctor, who adviſed me to keep my chain of gold, which I wear about my neck in Tygers blood and Dragons milk ſeven daies together, and all the while I wore it no man ſhould have power to rob me of my virginity, which I made trial of; and behold though I lay with the King of Morocco, my husband night by night, he had no power to meddle with me, ſo I remain ſtill a virgin, and have kept my virginity for George of England. When ſhe had ſo ſaid they took horſe and departed, and came to the territories of Greece, where they heard the Emperour was to marry a great Princeſs, ſo the news was ſpread o-

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ver all Christendom, insomuch as great preparations was made for Tilt and Turnament, which was musick in the ears of St. George, at which honourable Marriage the bravest Knights then living on the earth were then present; for golden Fame had blazed the report thereof in the ears of the seven Champions, that those that had not seen each other not in seven years before came all now together, where they behaved themselves so bravely, that they honored all commers, especially the Champion of England St. George; insomuch that the rage of a number of Pagans holding together, proclaimed Wars against Christendom, in this manner following: We the high and mighty Emperours of Asia and Africa, great Commanders both by Sea and Land, proclaim by general consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter ruine & destruction to the Kingdoms of Christendom, and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured.

First the Soldan of Persia in revenge of a bloody slaughter done by the English Champion St. George; Ptolomy the Egyptian King in revenge of his Daughter violently taken away by the same Knight; Almindor the black King of Morocco, in revenge of his Queen likewise taken away by the said English Champion; the great Governour of Thessaly, in revenge of his Daughter taken away by a French Knight St. Dennis; the King of Ierusalem in revenge of his Daughter taken away by St. James the Spanish Knight; the Tartarian Emperour in revenge of his son the Count Pallatine slain by the unlucky hand of the Champion of Wales; the Thracian Monarch in revenge of his vain travels after certain Christian Knights who detained beauteous Daughters: In revenge of which injuries, all the Kingdomes from the further part of Prester Iohns Dominions, to the border of the Seas, have set down their hands and seals to be aiders in this bloody War: This determination was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperour condescended to help them in their bloody War.

No sooner did the seven Christian Champions hear of this, but they all departed from the Emperours Court every one to his own Country, where in short time they raised a gallant Army to meet the bloody Pagans St. George raised a gallant Army in England, St. Dennis in France, St. James in Spain, St. Anthony in Italy, St. Andrew in Scotland, St. Patrick in Ireland, & St. David in Wales, where each Champion was royally entertained according to their hearts desire.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How the ſeven Champions of Chriſtendom arrived with all their Troop in the Bay of *Portugal*, the number of the Chriſtian Armies, and how St. *George* made a ſpeech to his Souldiers.

THis honourable War ſo fired the hearts of many youthful Gentlemen, & ſo encouraged the hearts of common ſouldiers, that they were all ready & willing to go with St. George. The firſt that entred the ſpacious haven of Portugal was St. George, with a hundred thouſand courageous Engliſh ſouldiers; the next that entred the Bay was St. David of Wales, with fifty thouſand valiant men; the next that arrived at the fruitful Bay of Portugal, was St. Patrick of Ireland with fifty thouſand more; the next that came was St. Andrew of Scotland, with threeſcore thouſand of well approved ſouldiers; the next that came was St. Anthony the Champion of Italy, with a Band of fourſcore thouſand brave Italian ſouldiers; the next that entred the Bay was St. Dennis of France, with a Band of fourſcore thouſand, after him marched twelve Dukes of twelve ſeveral Dukedoms; the laſt of theſe Chriſtian Champions was St. Iames of Spain, with a band likewiſe of fourſcore thouſand, bringing with him twelve Tun of Gold: Now it pleaſed the Chriſtian Princes to make St. George chief General of all theſe gallant armies, who made this ſpeech to his ſouldiers

YOu men of Europe, *ſaid he, and my Country men, whoſe conquering fortunes never yet feared the enemies of Chriſt: follow me your Champion, who have vowed to live & dye with you in defence of Chriſtendome, and if any be faint hearted let him return, for he is not to fight under Chriſts banner, nor in the Cauſe of Chriſt. Then they cried out with one accord, St.* George *for Chriſtendome, St.* George *for Chriſtendome, we will all live and dye with St.* George *of* England.

NOw to conclude the Hiſtory, the Chriſtians with the help of Chriſt, whoſe cauſe they fought, behaved themſelves ſo gallantly, that they overcame the Pagans their enemies, and took the black King of *Morocco*, who laid ſo many plots againſt St. *George* to take away his life, put him to death, and returned victorious; All the Chriſtian Princes with their Champions brought St. *George* home into *England* in great honour, where he and fair *Sabra* were married together, in the preſence of all the Chriſtian Princes, and their Champions, to the everlaſting honour of *England* and Engliſh men.

FINIS.